

Period Of Disaster

HANK HURT

It's over now! The blaze of battle has died down and the fury of the beast has been subdued. Johnny has cast aside the evil of war, tanks, guns, bombs, and other monstrous machines. Into his life blundered, or should I say plunged, the beast, death; this intangible horror forced him by blackmail to destroy his fellow man; death held over his head that he either strike down now, or his children, and their children to come, would be the innocent victims of his refusal. What could be do? Johnny had never ceased a life, nor

thought, nor dreamed in his wildest of dreams that he would. Oh God, why must his generation bear such a burden?

However, now the picture dissolves and into its place focuses a new Johnny, a new world. Civilization has once more begun to live, and let live. Education is the password, and tomorrow is the door-sill; let all Johnnies put into a deep corner their four years of enslavement; today be merry; today thank God; tomorrow, but tomorrow never comes; so let's think of today, for the war has ended.

Vignettes

Life and the war seemed much more vivid to me because I worked in the core of activity instead of in the rind of unessential turmoil.

(from *Davis Monthan Air Base*
by PEGGY HAMMON)

In a terrible moment I saw it all. I had interrupted a meeting of the Board of Directors! Each and every eye was fastened upon me. I had hoped to see a few of the "big shots" and here they were seated neatly before me around a massive black table. I had their undivided attention. Here was my big chance! What did I do? Why, the correct thing under the circumstances, of course. I stuttered a very, very hasty apology as I made a confused, but rapid retreat.

(from *Green Hire* by BILL OSBORN)

Going downstairs at her greeting, I would find a vivid red tam lying, like an oversized tomato, on the hall table.

(from *Viv* by BETTY LOU WILSON)

The snow has ceased falling, and one glances at the other houses along the street. They all have brightly lighted Christmas trees in the living rooms and small children asleep upstairs. Now, one realizes as never before the difference in the houses. There is no use pretending things are the same. The blue star on ones' door has turned to gold. And for the thousands of young widows from sea to sea, the joys of Christmas are few and difficult to find.

(from *How One Might Spend Christmas Eve* by MABLE FOREMAN)